

[24/06/08][22:15:53] -

Title: The Lich of East Yew I

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It wasn't long after
my newfound friend,
TigressKat of
Moonglow, brought me
to West Yew
University that I
began to study and
practice the art of

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Journeyman,
TigressKat asked me
to join her guild, the
Winds of Fate. I
readily agreed, and
was given a shining
badge made of some
bluish metal that read

"Krythan, Lord of
Lightning-Wof".
She introduced me to
some of my guild
members, a few of
them being Lithion,
Camber, Din, and a
few others whom I

cannot recall.
Anyway, after getting

my guild badge and the title of Lord of Lightning, I became more secure about my magical abilities. Even though her guild was based in Moonglow, Tigress allowed me stay at the University to further my learning of magic.

I would often go out into the forest slaying orcs and ettins with fireballs and bolts of lightning, and the occasional bolt of energy. By the time I was a high level journeyman mage, I had grown quite sure of my spells, and began to venture farther and farther out into the woods.

One day, I believe it was a Wednesday, I decided to visit the Orc Fort and show those orcs what I was made of. I made my way from the school into town (I had to walk around the bay because there was no ferry to take people across back then) and bought a map from the shipwright. I checked my regeant supply, made sure my axe was sharp, and set off towards the south. Pretty soon I passed the cemetary, keeping my distance from its gates, and left the road to walk through the east forest, which I believed was a shortcut. I had studied the map all morning, and figured I knew my way, so when I departed from the road I did not bother to even glance at the map.

Little did I know the orc fort was in the opposite direction. I had calculated that it would take me an hour to make it to the fort at a steady pace, but after an hour's walking, I found myself in a thick forest with no traces of a fort anywhere near. I reached in my pack and brought out the map of Yew.

After looking it over for a few minutes, I noticed that I was nowhere within the range that the map covered. I sat down on a large log that and began trying to figure out where I had made the wrong turn. It came to me after about ten minutes of thinking that I had gone east instead of west. I cursed at myself for being careless and getting myself lost. I knew I had to find the way back home before darkness fell. It was a bad idea to stay out in unknown forest without the proper supplies, but I would have to if I didn't think fast. I slapped my forehead when the thought came to me. I had completely forgotten that I was capable of simply recalling back to Yew. I fished around in my backpack for my rune, and about that time I heard orcish voices approaching and the sound of many feet crunching the leaves and twigs that lay scattered about. "Me sed me

smel humie neerby
capten", I heard one of
them say. By this
time they were
visible, and I had not
found my rune, so I
made an attempt to
hide. It was too late,
though, the leader of
the party spotted me,
and in a crazed war
yell he ordered me
dead. The four orcs
behind him rushed
me, but I was already
on my feet and
chanting a spell.

"Por Ort Grav!!", I
shouted, and a blue
streak shot down
from the sky, killing
the first orc. I quickly
snatched my axe
from it's place on my
back, and swung with
everything I had at the
next orc, who was
quickly approaching
with a crude club
raised over his head.
My axe slashed
across his chest,
leaving a deep gash. A
swift kick in the
stomach sent the orc to
the ground,
unconscious. The orc
captain was shouting
something in Orcish,
and he, along with the
other two that were
left, came at me with
surprising speed. The
chief rammed into me,
sending me flying
into a nearby stump. I
tried to get to my feet,
but the last thing I
remember was a club
coming towards my
head...

I awoke with a
pounding headache,
and upon feeling my
temple, felt a large
bump that was the
result of the orc's
club. I had no idea how

long I had been out, but it was now late in the afternoon, and dusk was approaching. As my eyes focused on my surroundings, I noticed the other two orcs dead, and the captain about twenty yards away with his back turned to me.

"Those idiots must have fought over my things ", I thought as I slowly pulled myself to my feet, careful not to make a sound. I glanced into my reagent bag hanging from my belt, and after making sure I had enough, I whispered spell chant, and a fireball shot from my hands, hitting the orc captain in the back of the head. He fell motionless to the ground as a cloud of smoke from the spell rose from his charred armor. After taking a few moments to gather the items the orcs had taken, I resumed looking for my rune, but soon, to my disappointment, found it.....in splinters on the ground near the dead Orc captain. After more cursing I decided to start walking ... maybe I could find a cottage where I could spend the night. After about half an hour of walking I came upon a cottage...or what used to be a cottage. Two walls of the structure were still standing, while the other two were strewn across the ground. Hoping that I could use the

place as a shelter for
the night, I walked
around the two
standing walls to get a
view of the inside.

There were pots,
pillows, broken
shelves, and all kinds
of other things
scattered across the
earthen floor of the
cottage. But what
startled me the most
was the huge
sarcaphogus sitting in
the middle of the
floor. There were
bones laying around
it....Human bones. I
backed away and
started to run, but
tripped over one of the
remains of the once
standing walls. I fell
backwards onto a
board that was
propped on another of
the stones. The board
had a small stone on
the end opposite to
where I landed, and
when I hit, the stone
went flying in a
perfect arc, landing at
the head of the
coffin. A few seconds
later there was a
hissing sound, and the
lid of the coffin
slowly began to slide
off....